

[Verse 1: Paris]

Hard truth soldier music, hard truth over music  
Exposed so the youth can use it  
Guerrilla Funk don't confuse it  
With off-brand gangster rap that don't do sh\*t  
P-Dog and I'm back with a new clique  
Sharpshooters, four deep in a 'lark shooters  
That might creep in dark and shoot the police  
In the heart for Sean Bell and Martin Luther  
Cause ever since '90  
America tried to bling me, but they still can't blind me  
Eighteen years behind me, twenty mo' left  
Pro-left, pro-death, the Bush Killa  
Corporate conservative crook killer  
Wolfowitz for the chips that he took killer  
This industry is full of shook n\*\*\*as  
That's why the shame grip breaker returns to left hook n\*\*\*as

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]

Now when we say Guerrilla Funk  
We don't mean monkeys on a vine  
We mean this as in New Orleans  
Virginia Tech and Columbine

[Verse 2: Paris]

We still rise like gas prices  
On fire like CNN satellite vans if they pa\*\* by us  
Like Bechtel hush money cash stipends  
Lindsay Lohan's nose and v\*\*\*\*\*  
F\*\*k Imus  
Then again white folks pointin' fingers at the hate that hate made is timeless  
Look at Hussein, paid 'em, trained 'em  
Played 'em, called 'em "al-Qaeda" then hanged 'em  
You said die n\*\*\*a? But I'm still crackin'  
Like six out of twenty nine eleven hijackers  
If anybody dead, it's kids in the black church  
Being mislead by the misled  
B-E-T, telling kids get bread  
But never telling 'em what to do with bread  
A project for the b\*t\*h scared

Joe Biden running blue but he just might drip red

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]

Now when we say Guerrilla Funk

We don't mean monkeys on a vine

We mean this as in New Orleans

Virginia Tech and Columbine

O.J. Simpson, B.T.K

Beltway, Peterson, Jon Benet

The San Francisco Panther 8

Our government's hate for foreign kind

[Verse 3: Paris]

Representing for the innocent victims out in Darfur

But it's really not our war

I'ma leave it alone on this track cause that's something

I had to go and write to a whole 'nother song for

The rap sh\*t got n\*\*\*as on all fours

T-K.A.S.H. make many sound like Forrest

Guerrilla Funk, straight vets, place bets them

Pseudo-a\*\* revolutionaries never come towards us

By the way, if you ain't spittin' hard truth

Then you ain't spittin' sh\*t up in our booth

Grande mocha civil rights leaders get a

Blue star mama tryin' to walk up in our shoes

Guerrilla Funk dot com is the website

Log on, get'cha head right

We got pro-red right scared to head to bed at night

Hard Truth won't spare ya life motherf\*\*ker

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]

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[Interlude]

What is a revolution? Was no love lost, was no compromise, was no negotiation, I'm tellin'  
you you don't know what a revolution is! Because when you find out what it is you'll get out of  
the way. You haven't got a revolution that doesn't involve bloodshed

And you're afraid to bleed, I saw it, you're afraid to bleed  
If it is right, for America to draft us and teach us how to be violent, then it is right for you and  
me

[Bridge: Sandy Griffith]

We don't talk about, we do it  
Got no time to dance, it's the movement  
Comin' way too strong, let's move it  
Freedom must be won, or lose it

[Interlude: Paris]

Who said freedom could never be won?  
Who said it was the ballot or the gun?  
Who said a group like us, couldn't move?  
It wasn't me, but maybe it was you  
[Another speech to end - "never back down, never bow down"]